

The Evening World.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 33 to 35 Park Row, New York.
A. ANGUS SHAW, Pres. & Treas. JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Sec'y.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:
One Year... \$2.50
One Month... .30
For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
One Year... \$7.50
One Month... .85
VOLUME 49..... NO. 17,374.

THE BLACK HAND.



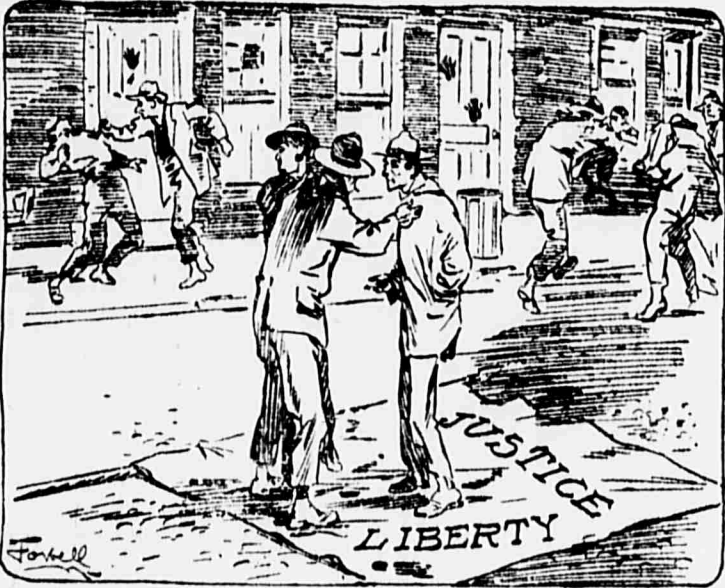
ORIGINALLY the Mafia and the Camorra, though secret and lawless organizations, had patriotic purposes somewhat like the Nihilists in Russia and the original Ku Klux Klan when it first organized in the South during the reconstruction days following the civil war.

Northern Italy attained independence and self government long before Southern Italy and Sicily became free from foreign control. A branch of the French Bourbons ruled Sicily for many years. French soldiers were quartered there for a great part of the last century.

To free Sicily secret societies were organized. They began with unsuccessful insurrections. When these were put down with blood a policy of assassination developed.

Through the centuries in which the courts of Sicily were subject to favor or bribes, personal revenge grew up as a substitute for defective justice. Public opinion sanctioned this course during the French control. An Italian would protect another Italian against the French troops and the French rulers.

With all of Italy and Sicily becoming part of a unified kingdom, with its own rulers and its own parliament, the patriotic excuse for the Camorra and the Mafia vanished. The better class of Italians ceased to be active members. The business community and professional men with a few exceptions sought to have these old organizations disband.



The disorderly element which flocks to every lawless organization, as it did to the Ku Klux Klan in the South and as it now does to the night riders in Kentucky and Tennessee, continued the Camorra and the Mafia for their own purposes. Where at the beginning funds had been collected for insurrection, the purpose was changed to collecting money for private gain and levying blackmail that the criminal leaders might live prosperously without work.

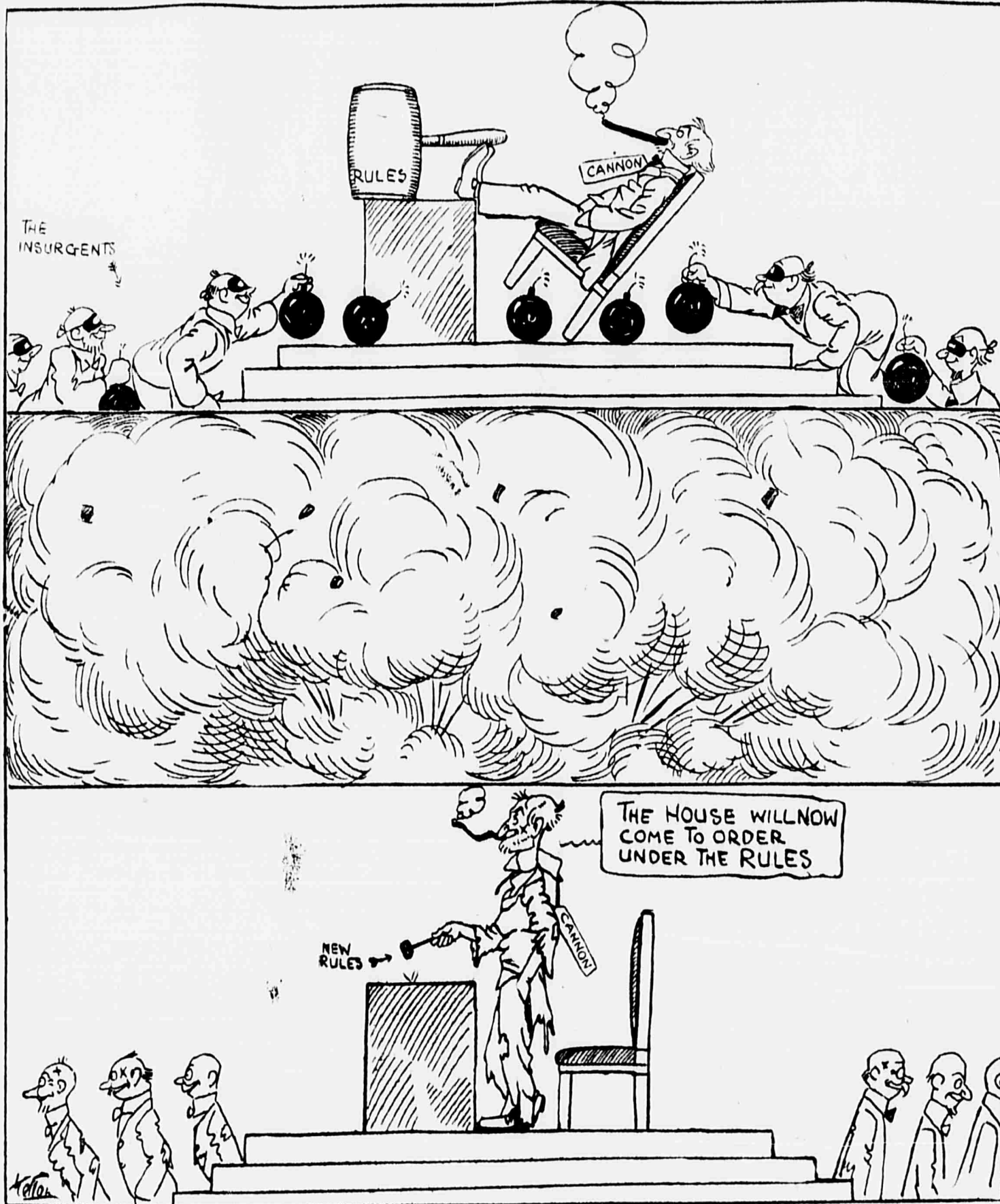
Unlike the southern United States, where the original leaders of the Ku Klux Klan were the first to suppress it when it was turned to private vengeance and only lawless purposes, the better element in Sicily and Southern Italy were terrified into acquiescence. Business men who sought the aid of the Italian police to prevent blackmail were assassinated or their houses destroyed. Politicians found that these secret criminal organizations were a political power.

So bad had conditions become that the rest of Italy took measures to punish the Sicilian assassins. The Camorra and the Mafia never extended far north in Italy. The Italian from the Piedmont abhors assassination as strongly as does any Englishman or German or American.

The sending of troops from Northern Italy to Sicily and transplanting of police and judges had the effect of driving many of the worst Italian criminals to the United States. That accounts for the outburst of Black Hand outrages here.

Uncle Joe.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mrs. Jarr's Mother and Aunt Prue Escape a Fiery End, Which Causes Mr. Jarr to Explain All Brooklyn Fires

By Roy L. McCardell.



"O H, did you hear the news?" said Mrs. Jarr, excitedly. "What's the matter, now? Is your new cabriolet hat going to be trimmed with one stuffed horse or two?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Now, I want you to stop talking to me that way," said Mrs. Jarr. "You think it's funny, but nobody else does. What with your so-called jokes and your smart sayings, the children are getting so impudent that even strangers notice it. They think I'm a regular comedian." "The news can't be so very serious," said Mr. Jarr, with a grin, "since you can pause in the recital of it and castigate the family sense of humor." "Well, it is serious, and very serious, and it might have been fatal," cried Mrs. Jarr. "Not that you would care what would happen to the both of them, because you never did have a kind word for either of them, and you know it. But that's because you know they are dear to me, and anything or anybody that is dear to me is only a subject for mockery for you!" Here Mrs. Jarr stopped for two purposes. One to get breath and the other to wipe away the tear of self-pity and indignation that stood in her eye. "What is it? What is it?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Tell me what's the calamity and then vituperate me afterwards." "You must have seen it in the papers," said Mrs. Jarr. "Mother telephoned me that the Brooklyn newspapers were full of it. One paper gave it four or five lines, and even mentioned her name, only by some mistake it got printed among the death notices and scared her friends dreadfully." "You haven't told me what it is yet, but I'm glad to hear your mother's name was printed in the obituary department of a Brooklyn paper, but I grieve from your remark about her telephoning that the news is too good to be true." "Yes, it is too good to be true, thank goodness," said Mrs. Jarr fervently, but without thinking of what she was saying, "but just think of what might have happened." "I'm thinking of that," said Mr. Jarr, "for just at present I haven't the slightest idea what did happen, and I will also add that you are not enlightening me in the least." "Didn't the New York evening papers print it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Brooklyn is a part of the Greater New York isn't it?" "It thinks it is, and as a matter of fact, it may be," replied Mr. Jarr. "Otherwise, it isn't. Well, what did happen?" "Mother's house was afire, and Aunt Prudence, from Philadelphia, grew so excited that she kept the watchman's rattle, the one she brought from Philadelphia with her to scare burglars, going for so long that after the fire was all out the police had to come in and take it away with them to make her stop." "Nobody hurt?" asked Mr. Jarr, perfunctorily. "No, and it's a blessing there wasn't. But suppose it had occurred in the middle of the night and mother had been suffocated or fallen off a ladder and broke her leg. Anyway, as Mamma told me, the fire broke out next door, and fortunately no lives were lost because it was put out before it did any damage." "Too bad—too good, I mean," stammered Mr. Jarr. "Are you sure your mother wasn't hurt, nor dear old Aunt Prudence?" "Mamma said, over the telephone, that, aside from a sore throat from screaming in her excitement, and for which she intended to send a bill to the fire insurance company, she wasn't hurt, but Aunt Prudence thinks she's injured internally, as she can't see any outside burns or bruises. But you can't tell how the fire happened; it's the strangest thing." "You mean why it happened?" said Mr. Jarr. "Indeed I do, indeed I do." Mrs. Jarr nodded in the affirmative. "The cat was chasing a mouse in the cellar where a gas jet was dimly burning near the furnace," continued Mr. Jarr. "He pursued the mouse through the box of croquet balls, mallets and wickets lying by the furnace and the mouse ran up into the baby carriage, standing nearby, pursued by the cat. At this point the cat must have jumped from the baby carriage after the mouse, upsetting rubber plants in the cellar window, then knocked the ironing board against the gas jet—and there you are! How did you know?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "That's how all fires start in Brooklyn," said Mr. Jarr. "But Mrs. Jarr firmly believes there was a scare head first page story about it in some of the New York papers. There must have been, for it caused terrible excitement in Schermerhorn street for hours and hours!"

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ?

By F. G. Long



Letters From the People

Can't Keep a Job. Why Not?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read of the fellow who always loses his position seemingly without reason. He has exactly expressed my own opinion. There is no fault in my career. I am perfectly sober and honest, still I have always been out of work except for a few months here and there. I always expect to be looking for a job, naturally growing accustomed to this, though so anxious to please when in a position. The possible reason in my case is that I happen to be, unfortunately, six feet three inches tall and have a liberal education, have been around the world and speak six languages fluently. All this might make others feel less educated, and thus make them dislike me. Still, I never boast of these facts, though occasionally they are bound to crop out.
R. N.

Yes, The Gallotine.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there capital punishment in France? If so, what method?
W. G.

The Egg Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
E. F. offers this problem: "John and Joe go out, each having a basket of eggs. John says to Joe: 'If you give me a dozen of yours we will have the same number.' But Joe doesn't. Joe says to John: 'If you give me a dozen of yours I will have twice as many as you.' I submit the following solution: To give to John 12 eggs to make both baskets equal Joe must have 24 eggs more than John, and if John should give Joe 12 eggs Joe would have 48 eggs more, or twice John's number, so John has 48 and Joe has 24 eggs more, or 12 eggs.
MORRIS HATOFF.
Can't Pass 85 Limit.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a young man, somewhat seventeen years old, out of work, and I have found it next to impossible to obtain a position in New York at the present time. I have been employed in New York offices for over one year, and produce to this was a student in a Brooklyn high school for two years. I have a good education, am fairly experienced in office work, typewriting, etc. I have excellent references, and get 15¢ per week. This is certainly no salary worth accepting, and yet I cannot get anything in a good firm for 17 or even 18 per week, though I am qualified to do any office work. Any reader who can tell me why this is will be most welcome. Who are you? In what year was the battleship Maine blown up? In what year was the Windsor Hotel first built?
1898. 1899.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In what year was the battleship Maine blown up? In what year was the Windsor Hotel first built?
THOMAS CARRILL.

Less Moonshine More Matrimony

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

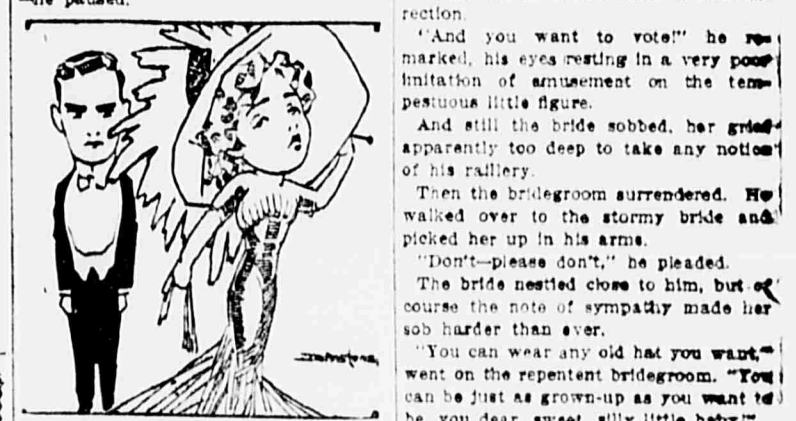
NO. II.

The Bride Objects to Being Treated Like a Child.

"I WISH you wouldn't wear that hat when you're out with me!" remarked the bridegroom.
They had just returned from dinner at one of New York's grandest restaurants, and the bride stood before her mirror removing a gigantic structure of felt and brown feathers from her head.
Now, the hat was the choicest treasure of the bride's wardrobe. She turned from the contemplation of its perfections to where the bridegroom sat by the open fireplace, his face set in a stern mask of discontent.
"I said so for this hat," said the bride coldly and as if this remark settled everything.
"I don't care if you paid \$100 for it," replied the bridegroom. "It's too conspicuous. It attracts too much attention. Why, men stare at it all evening. It made me so uncomfortable I could scarcely eat my dinner."
The bride smiled quizzically at her mirrored reflection.
"So men stare at it, did they?" she mused, italicizing the pronoun. "Of course it was the hat. It must have been the hat. Men are so much interested in HATS! And, who knows, they may all have been buyers from department stores studying the styles."
Now, the bridegroom, like all his kind, considered sarcasm a distinctly masculine weapon. He loved the bride less when the cool tones of irony curled from her clear cut lips than in any other mood.
"If you mean to imply that men stare at you," he sneered, "I don't see how they could help it. No one could pass us this evening without having his eye poked by one of those plumes. Of course, if you deliberately get yourself up to be stared at, no wonder."
"You treat me like a child," she murmured to articulate. "I'm not a child. I'm twenty-four years old. Nobody ever dared say what I should do or what I shouldn't do before."
"That's why I'm good for you," remarked the bridegroom with an attempt at lightheartedness. But the bride sobbed on. Her tears discolored the bridegroom very much, though he wanted to sneer at them. In fact, he made a feeble effort in that direction.
"And you want to vote?" he remarked, his eyes resting in a very pompous little figure. And still the bride sobbed, her grief apparently too deep to take any notice of his raillery. Then the bridegroom surrendered. He walked over to the stormy bride and picked her up in his arms. "Don't—please don't," he pleaded. The bride nestled close to him, but of course the note of sympathy made her sob harder than ever. "You can wear any old hat you want," went on the repentant bridegroom. "You can be just as grown-up as you want to be, you dear, sweet, silly little baby." Apparently the bride did not notice the inconsistency of the bridegroom's capitulation. She stopped crying. "I'll throw the old hat out of the window," she declared. "No, you won't, you'll wear anything you want to," answered her husband. Peace reigned. The bride sat on the bridegroom's knee and with slim hands ruffled his hair until the last vestige of his careful side part disappeared. She was very happy. Also very tripping and inclined to be very gracious and magnanimous towards the bridegroom. But suddenly a little ray of common sense, humorous and blithe as the first shaft of dawn, clef the complacency of her mood. "But, Jack," she murmured, "if you really treated me as if I were grown up, you wouldn't give in to me just because I cry!"



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"Wish You Wouldn't Wear That Hat!"
Meantime hot insurrection surged in the bride's heart. She had no taste for sumptuary law in the household. Every day she said to herself the bridegroom encroached more and more on her girlhood freedom. Every day a new blue law was enacted for the government of her manners and attire. She had borne everything, but this last outrageous attack on the woman's stronghold—the mighty fortress of fashion, before which all mankind should quail and be silent—transformed her suddenly into a personal liberty league of one. She walked over to the bridegroom and seated herself in front of him.
"I will wear whatever hats I choose, whatever clothes I choose," she said, each slowly spoken word a red flag of revolution. "You have no right to criticize my clothes at all. Yesterday you cried!"

Cos Cob Nature Notes.

THE editor of the Portchester Item joins the editor of the Greenwich News in being low-spirited because the True, the Beautiful and the Good (R. Jay, Percy and Jim) were awaited at our town election, and sneers at us honest farmers. We can stand sneers even from a two-cent editor, so long as we have the votes. He says they have better roads, no debt and no honest farmers to run it. All three of these are fibs. Still, our roads are bad, mostly because people from Rye and elsewhere come over and wear them out with their automobiles and never pay anything for it.
The opposite village of Oyster Bay is working itself up into a state in order to bid its citizen, Theodore the First, farewell when he departs for Africa next week. In order to keep himself from running the U. S., which is now another man's business. We guess Africa will know it when he gets there. There are quite a number of Africans in Oyster Bay, who live in the foothills, made largely of old Connecticut soil, on the road to Jericho, and to one of these Theodore confided the other day that he might come back to do it again. We remember once reading about a king of Africa named Theodore who held forth in a place called Abyssinia, and owned a lot of lions which he would put on the back of their necks when he felt pleased. Perhaps our Theodore will bring some back to Oyster Bay and put them there.
In addition to green grass, etc., and other reasonable signs, many of our hens are beginning to take their spring bitters, which is profitable to Toby, who keeps the nearest thing to a drug store, and good for their health. Different views prevail as to when the tonic period should begin. Some say not until March 15, and others say as soon as it gets damp. We think it best to have a bottle handy all the time.
The soft clam is one of our most interesting denizens, though not so plentiful or valuable as the oyster. Like the latter, he lives in a shell, but hides in the sand, not lying around loose on the bottom, the way the bivalve does. He is very good at hiding, because he has to keep a small hole in the beach to come through, but otherwise he is shy and modest. His interior department consists of a small piece that is very good to eat and a long one called an integument that is hard to chew.
Our literary neighbor, Irving Bacheller, has gone to Mexico for a brief visit. Mexico is a country some distance away from Riverside, where he ordinarily resides, and is said to be an interesting place to look at. With Bacheller, Stetson and Thompson Seton away and T. R. going, it leaves only us and Bert Taylor to keep up the tone of the neighborhood.

The Day's Good Stories

The New Way.
The beautiful girl uptown into the library, where her father was reading the sporting page and nursing a gouty foot.
"He—has come, father," she faltered.
"Who has come?" queried the old gentleman.
"Why, George."
"What! Didn't he promise never to cross my threshold again?"
"He—he didn't cross your threshold," she stammered. "He stepped through the trapdoor on the roof. You see, he came in the airship."
By Degrees.
COLLEGE men are very slow. They seem to take their ease. For even when they graduate, they do it by degrees.